

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXII.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1833.

[Price 2d.]

The Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.



IN No. 83, of the MIRROR, we gave a view of the City of Jerusalem, and a description of a place consecrated by so many recollections of the highest interest; we now present our readers with a view of the Holy Sepulchre, the possession of which has given rise to more disputes than the finest earthly thrones. The Holy Sepulchre, or tomb of our Saviour, has been often bedewed with the tears of repentance and of hope, and from it the most ardent supplications daily ascend to heaven. The church of the Holy Sepulchre is very irregular, owing to the nature and situation of the places which it was designed to comprehend. It is nearly in the form of a cross, being one hundred and twenty paces in length, exclusive of the descent to the discovery of the Holy Cross, and seventy in breadth. It has three domes, of which that covering the Holy Sepulchre serves for the nave of the church. It is thirty feet in diameter, and is covered at top like the Rotunda at Rome. There is not any cupola, the roof being supported by large rafters, brought from Mount Lebanon.

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On entering the church, you come to the Stone of Uncion, on which the body of our Lord was anointed with myrrh and aloes, before it was laid in the sepulchre. Some say, that it is of the same rock as Mount Calvary; and others assert, that it was brought to this place by Joseph and Nicodemus, secret disciples of Jesus Christ, who performed this pious office, and that it is of a greenish colour. Be that as it may, on account of the indiscretion of certain pilgrims, who broke off pieces, it was found necessary to cover it with white marble, and to surround it with an iron railing, lest people should walk over it. This stone is eight feet wanting three inches, in length, and two feet, wanting one inch, in breadth; and above it, eight lamps are kept continually burning.

The Holy Sepulchre is thirty paces from this stone, exactly in the centre of the great dome; it resembles a small closet, hewn out of the solid rock. The entrance, which faces the east, is only four feet high, and two feet and a quarter broad. The interior of the sepulchre is nearly square. It is six feet,

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wanting an inch, in length, and six feet, wanting two inches, in breadth, and from the floor to the roof, eight feet one inch. There is a solid block of the same stone, which was left in excavating the other part: this is two feet four inches and a half high, and occupies half of the sepulchre, for it is six feet, wanting one inch, in length, and two feet and five-sixths wide. On this table the body of our Lord was laid, with the head towards the west, and the feet to the east; but, on account of the superstitious devotion of the Orientals, who imagine that, if they leave their hair upon this stone, God will never forsake them, and also, because the pilgrims broke off pieces, it has received a covering of white marble, on which mass is now celebrated. Forty-four lamps, principally of silver, and richly chased, are constantly burning in this sacred place, and three holes have been made in the roof for the emission of the smoke. The exterior of the sepulchre is also faced with slabs of marble, and adorned with several columns, having a dome above. A tripod supports the stone on which the Angel is believed to have reclined; its surface is only one span and a half long, and one broad. The sepulchre is lined with marble, and covered with light blue silk, powdered with white flowers. Just over the part where the body was deposited, is a small painting, tolerably well executed: it is the production of a Spanish artist, and represents our Saviour's triumph over death and the grave.

The origin of the church of the Holy Sepulchre is of high antiquity. The author of the Epitome of the Holy Wars asserts, that forty-six years after the destruction of Jerusalem by Vespasian and Titus, the Christians obtained permission of Adrian to build, or rather to rebuild, a church over the tomb of their God, and to enclose, in the new city, the other places venerated by the Christians. This church, he adds, was enlarged and repaired by Helena, the mother of Constantine.

ON THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.

(For the Mirror.)

December is the last month of the year, wherein the sun enters the tropic of Capricorn, and makes the winter solstice.

"Now dreary Winter comes apace,
With all its cold and gloomy race."

In Romulus's year, December was

the tenth month: whence the name, viz. from *decem*, ten: for the Romans began their year in March. The month of December was under the protection of Vesta: Romulus assigned it thirty days; Numa reduced it to twenty-nine; which Julius Cæsar increased to thirty-one. Under the reign of Commodus, this month was called, by way of flattery, *Amazonius*, in honour of a courtesan, whom that prince passionately loved, and had got painted like an Amazon; but only kept the name during that emperor's life. At the latter end of this month they had the *juveniles ludi*, and the country people kept the feast of the goddess *Vacuna* in the fields, having then gathered in their fruits, and sown their corn; whence seems to be derived our popular festival called harvest-home. In this month Dr. Aikin says, "Every change seems only an advance towards the stagnation and death of nature, towards universal gloom and desolation."

"No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;

Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,

Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall." SCOTT.

"The festival of Christmas occurs very seasonably to cheer this comfortless period. Great preparations are made for it in the country, and plenty of rustic dainties are provided for its celebration, according to the rites of ancient hospitality. The old year steals away unlamented and scarcely perceived; and a new one begins with lengthening days and brighter skies, inspiring fresh hopes and pleasing expectations."—Shakspeare says, "Men are April when they woo, and December when they wed." Again,

"What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? When we shall hear

The rain and wind beat dark December."

And Thomson beautifully describes this period—

"When the cheerless empire of the sky

To Capricorn the Centaur archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year;

* A goddess of rest and ease, worshipped by the Romans, to whom the husbandmen sacrificed after harvest.—See Pliny—Ovid.

Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven,
 the sun
 Scarce spreads thro' ether the dejected
 day.
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual
 shoot
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Thro' the thick air; as cloth'd in cloudy
 storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the
 southern sky,
 And soon descending to the long dark
 night,
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world
 resigns." P. T. W.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

The etiquette or rules to be observed in the royal palaces is necessary, writes Baron Bieisfeld, for keeping order at court. In Spain it was carried to such lengths as to make martyrs of their Kings. Here is an instance, at which, in spite of the fatal consequences it produced, one cannot refrain from smiling.

Philip III. was gravely seated by the fire-side; the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood, that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his *grandeur* would not suffer him to rise from the chair; the domestics could not *presume* to enter the apartment, because it was against the *etiquette*. At length the Marquis de Potat appeared, the King ordered him to damp the fires; but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the *etiquette* to perform such a function, for which the Duke d'Usseda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. But the King's blood was heated to such a degree, that the erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which, succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, in the 24th year of his age.

The palace was once on fire; a soldier who knew the King's sister was in her apartment, and must inevitably have been consumed in a few moments by the flames, at the risk of his life rushed in, and brought her Highness safe out in his arms: but the Spanish *etiquette* was here woefully broken into! The loyal soldier was brought to trial, and as it was impossible to deny that he had entered her apartment, the judges condemned him to die! The Spanish Princess, however, condescended, in consideration of the circumstance, to *pardon* the soldier, and very benevolently saved his life!

When Isabella, mother of Philip II., was ready to be delivered of him, she

commanded that all the lights should be extinguished; that if the violence of her pain should occasion her face to change colour, no one might perceive it. And when the midwife said, "Madam, cry out, that will give you ease," she answered in *good Spanish*, "How dare you give me such advice? I would rather die than cry out."

"Spain gives us *pride*—which Spain
 to all the earth,
 May largely give, nor fear herself a
 dearth!" CHURCHILL.

Philip III. was a weak bigot, who suffered himself to be governed by his Ministers. A patriot wished to open his eyes, but he could not pierce through the crowds of flatterers; besides that, the voice of patriotism heard in a corrupted Court would have become a crime never pardoned. He found, however, an ingenious manner of conveying to him his censure. He caused to be laid on his table one day, a letter sealed, which bore this address—"To the King of Spain, Philip the Third, at present in the service of the Duke of Lerma."

In a similar manner, Don Carlos, son of Philip II., made a book with empty pages, to contain the voyages of his father, which bore this title—"The great and admirable Voyages of the King Mr. Philip." All these voyages consisted of going to the Escorial from Madrid, and returning to Madrid from the Escorial. Jests of this kind at length cost him his life.

LINES ON KENILWORTH CASTLE,

Written during an excursion in Warwickshire. By the late B. Thompson, Esq.

Speed me to Kenilworth—not long the
 drive,
 And rich the recompence when we ar-
 rive.
 Here view the ruins of that massy pile,
 Once a chief ornament of Britain's isle,
 Where Dudley heap'd the hospitable
 board,
 With splendour suitable to Leicester's
 Lord.
 Hither would our Elizabeth repair
 To banish of a diadem the care.
 Here feasts, and masques, and tourna-
 ments combin'd
 Successively to cheer the royal mind.
 Behold the banquet-room—alas, how
 chang'd,
 How from its ancient purposes estrang'd!

No more adorn'd with tap'stry is the
wall,
Bat ivy-mantled waits th' impending
fall.
Here where the nobles quaff'd their fre-
quent bowl,
Flits the light bat, and broods the mop-
ing owl.
Here where some smiling maid of ho-
nour trod,
Conceal'd by rubbish lurks the loath-
some toad.
Mournful reverse, which loudly calls to
mind
How perish all our works, and all our
kind,
And crumble into dust, that's scatter'd
by the wind.

STRAWBERRY HILL.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR—I admire the good taste which dictated the selection of Strawberry-Hill, the embellishment of your 58th Number, inasmuch as it is calculated to cherish a high respect for the "agreeable trifler" who superintended its construction. His intention was to adopt the pointed style, erroneously termed the Gothic, to the domestic purposes of a modern villa, and he has in a great measure succeeded. This elegant residence is, however, a very slight fabric, and the exquisite skill with which the work is designed, renders its want of durability the more lamentable. In this particular it corresponds with the literary character of its founder, in whose mind "there was nothing truly great; though at the same time it was plentifully stored with elegant knowledge, and gifted with a power of communicating it, in a manner of superior polish and amusement." His "Memoirs" have been given to the world in wire-drawn quartos, and elegant pocket volumes; but, notwithstanding all the *finesse* of this book-making age, their day has passed, and henceforth they will be considered as mere literary lumber in the library of the man of fashion.

Innumerable are the effusions which have been poured forth in praise of Strawberry-Hill; and among them is the following ballad, perhaps composed at Walpole's table, where the wits of his day were wont to meet. It was written by William Pulteney, Earl of Bath. I am, yours, &c.

Nov. 24, 1823.

JOHN TIMBS.

Some cry up Gunnersbury,
For Sion some declare;
And some say that with Chiswick-House
No villa can compare;

But ask the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
If Strawb'ry-Hill—if Strawb'ry-Hill
Don't bear away the bell.
Some love to roll down Greenwich-Hill,
For this thing and for that;
And some prefer sweet Marble-Hill,
Though sure 'tis somewhat flat:
Yet Marble-Hill, and Greenwich-Hill,
If Kitty Clive can tell,
From Strawb'ry-Hill—from Strawb'ry-
Hill
Will never bear the bell!
Though Surrey boasts its Oatlands,
And Claremont kept so jim,
And some prefer sweet Southcote's,
'Tis but a dainty whim;
For ask the gallant Bristow,*
Who does in taste excel,
If Strawb'ry-Hill—if Strawb'ry-Hill
Don't bear away the bell?

Since Denham sung of Cooper's,
There's scarce a hill around
But what in song or ditty
Is turned to fairy ground.
Ah! peace be with their memories!
I wish them wond'rous well;
But Strawb'ry-Hill—but Strawb'ry-
Hill

Must bear away the bell!

Great William† dwells at Windsor,
As Edward did of old,
And many a Gaul, and many a Scot,
Have found him full as bold:
On lofty hills like Windsor,
Such heroes ought to dwell;
Yet little folks like Strawb'ry-Hill—
Like Strawb'ry-Hill as well!

THE CRISPINIAD, WITH ANECDOTES OF VOLTAIRE.

The following virulent satire was written by Voltaire against the great French poet J. B. Rousseau. These two men of genius, having quarrelled, had long made satiric and bitter warfare on each other, greatly to the entertainment of the malicious, but highly detrimental to, and unworthy of, the cause of literature and their own superior talents.

THE CRISPINIAD.

The devil was drunk; the devil
said,
I've ta'en a frolick in my head!

* William Bristow, Esq. brother of the Countess of Buckingham, and the friend of Lord Bath.

† William Duke of Cumberland, who defeated the Scots at Culloden, in 1746.

I'll shape some animal, whose whole
Form and figure, body and soul,
Shall make the dullest, vilest elf
Exclaim, "Behold the devil himself!"
He spoke, and brimstone took, and
clay,

In Styx well steep'd, and work'd
away;

And laugh'd, as, from th'ensulphur'd
earth,

Each new deformity took birth.

And, first, a shapeless, bumin head,
With bristly, stinking hair, and red;
Caruncles huge, he next conven'd;
A front of brass, to mask the fiend;
With eye-brows white, and scant, and
high;

A squinting, black, malicious eye,
Which Envy spoke, devoid of sense;
A wide wry mouth; a nose immense;
A grin sardonian, that might fright
And make folks shudder at the sight;

A spiral neck; an oval back,
So warp'd as to invite attack;
Thrown up, as 'twere, in barricado,
Most proper for the bastinado—

These he bestow'd, and look'd and
smil'd;

Like a fond father hugg'd the child,
And kiss'd again, admir'd and mus'd,
And soon a trait'rous soul infus'd.
Go creep and cringe, and fawn and
fear;

Go stab and flatter, smile and sneer;
Gaul in thy heart, wind in thy head,
Be thou possess'd by me, he said!
Go forth and rhyme, thy poison ex-
pand,

I'll at thy elbow ready stand.

Th' Exerescence heard! his crowd
he took,

And thrum'd, amain, from Rabelais'
book!

And Marot's songs, discordant,
squall'd!

And magic girdles* quickly scrawl'd!

Loudly proclaim'd himself a Wit,
And old new nonsense daily writ!

His merit, soon, th' advantage gain'd
Of being hated, hiss'd, and can'd.

Expell'd, to hide his open shame,

He, next, a hypocrite became:

Last, to his sire, return'd again;

Where, with his sire, may he remain!

But, master Satan, you're a fool

To make a thing like this your tool!

Would you the world enslave, deceive,

And make men worship and believe,

You should assume some fairer form;

You'll best seduce when most you
charm.

* *La Ceinture Magique*, a comedy,
written by Rousseau.

Besides, the son you sent from hell,
Betray'd by serving you too well.

The following Anecdotes are select:

Voltaire could not pardon verses
which did not rise above mediocrity;
he preferred prose to such composi-
tions; but no person was more delighted
with poetry truly excellent. He was
lavish in eulogiums on Racine, and
there is no doubt but his praises of
that elegant and harmonious poet, the
Virgil of France, were really sincere.

When he was asked to write a com-
mentary on Racine, as he had done on
Corneille, "What would you have me
remark?" said he; "I could only
write at the bottom of every page, ex-
quisite! beautiful! pathetic!"

Voltaire looked on Racine as the model
for poetical, and Mafillon for prose,
writers. On the table, near his bed,
Athalie always lay by the side of the
Petit-Carême.

A young poet, who thought himself
an original writer, having consulted
him on a tragedy, full of extraordi-
nary incidents, Voltaire pointed out to
him the defects of his piece. The
rhymist replied, "he had purposely
forsaken the beaten tract of Corneille
and Racine." "So much the worse,"
returned Voltaire; "originality is no-
thing but judicious imitation."

A moment's impatience and displea-
sure, at seeing Madame D—— using
cosmetics, produced the following
Epigram:

"If chance, or money, should insure,
To your carbuncled face a cure;
Tho' much less ugly than before,
Of ugliness you'd still have store."

"Modern history," said Voltaire,
on a particular occasion, "is rendered
insipid by dwelling on trivial incidents,
fit only for gazettes. The gravity of
the ancient historians disclaimed those
minutiae, and only described great and
important events. Their pictures,
therefore, have more boldness and ex-
pression."

"Life," said Voltaire, "is thickly
sown with thorns, and I know no other
remedy than to pass quickly through
them. The longer we dwell on our
misfortunes, the greater is their power
to harm us."

"Methuselah himself, did he exist,
could never read," said he, on another
occasion, "all the nonsense which is
daily printed. I know not but the
scarcity of books among the ancients,
might be preferable to that multitude
of publications which swarm from the
presses of London and Paris."

Voltaire compared the English to a butt of their own strong beer; the froth at the top, dregs at the bottom, but the middle excellent.

"Your nation, like your language," said Voltaire, one day to an Englishman, "is a strange mixture of a variety of others. When I behold one of your countrymen fond of the tricks and chicanery of law, I say, there is a Norman, who came over with William the Conqueror. When I see another; affable and polite, he has the manners of a Plantagenet; or a third, outrageous and brutal, that, say I, is Dane."

Notwithstanding his enthusiasm in behalf of the English, he confessed, there were among them many unsociable and melancholic characters. He one day said to Lord Lyttelton,

Capricious, proud, the self same axe
avails,
To chop off monarch's heads, or horses'
tails.

When he was told that the king of Prussia was greatly prejudiced against him by his enemy, "Well," said he, I appeal from the Great Man ill-informed, to the Great Man better informed.

The Comte de ———, coming to Ferney to see Voltaire, the poet said to him, "You resemble Orpheus, who descended to the habitation of shadows. I am now no more than a shadow." "You are a most paradoxical shadow, then," replied the Comte, "for you emit great light."

When Voltaire was last at Paris, at the first visit he made to M. de Comte d'Argental, he said to him, "I have put off dying, to come and see you."

The Marquis de Villette, whose conversation was particularly agreeable to Voltaire, remained with him at Ferney five months. A young lady of rank, but small fortune, though possessed of every grace and accomplishment, was then at Ferney. Voltaire soon perceived, with great satisfaction, that the Marquis was very attentive to that lady, and proposed his marrying her, with a portion of a hundred and fifty thousand livres (above six thousand pounds). "I am sure," said he, "Madame Denis will have no objection; for she looks on *Belle and Bonne* (which was the name he gave to Mademoiselle de Varicourt) as her daughter. As to my other relations, I have money enough to leave them at my death, and you must be sensible they have no great while to wait."

The Marquis de Villette would not accept this generous offer, but married Mademoiselle de Varicourt with scarcity any fortune. When Voltaire was complimented on having been the occasion of this marriage, he replied, "I have made two persons happy, and one wise."

The Marquis de Villette, writing from Ferney, said of Mademoiselle de Varicourt, with whom he was then desirous to share his fortune, "She is the guardian angel of the patriarch, and is become necessary to his existence. You cannot imagine how affecting it is to see the fond caresses she lavishes on him, and the grateful manner in which he kisses her hands. It is *Anacreon served by Hebe*."

A picture, she, of every grace,
That, moving, ornaments each place:
Whether in kitchen, or in hall,
Mistress or maid, admird by all!
Fresh from the hand of Nature, she
Has Nature's pure simplicity.
We look, and strait are aw'd, yet
warm'd;
A Vestal, yet a Bacchante form'd!
Uniting, in supreme degree,
Incitive smiles and chaste severity.

C. C. Linc. Inn Fields.

THE SHIPWRECK.

By the late B. Thompson, Esq.

[In No. 56, of the *Mirror*, we inserted "Lines on witnessing a Shipwreck," by Mr. Thompson; which should have consisted of three verses, but, by a singular mistake, one only was given. We now reprint the Poem complete.—Ed.]

Against the rock the foaming billows
dash,

Wider and wider spreads the gloom
profound:

Save when illum'd by the fork'd flash,
While peals of thunder 'mong the
cliffs resound.

See yonder wretches, 'mid the tempest
dark,

Upon the yeasty surge at random
tost;

See in the breakers shatter'd is their
bark,

Great Heav'n, have mercy on them
—they are lost!

Yet, one escapes—to yonder plank he
clings,

He disappears—again behold him
rise;

In vain, in vain, the helpless hand he
wings,

Mark his last effort—ah, he sinks,
he dies!

TRADITIONS CONCERNING THE STORY OF MACBETH.

In the parish of Collace in Perthshire, stands Dunsinane Hill*, on which anciently stood the castle of Macbeth. The story of the usurper's defeat, of his flight Northward, and of his having been killed at Lumphaman, in Aberdeenshire, is well known to every reader of Scottish History; but it is not a little singular, that the popular traditions of this part of the country give a totally different account of the end of Macbeth, from what is done by historians. The traditions amount to this: that Macbeth, after his elevation to the throne, had resided for ten years at Carnbeddie, where the vestiges of his castle are still to be seen. During these times witchcraft was very much practised in Scotland by all ranks, and two of the most famous witches in the kingdom lived on the demesnes of Macbeth. Macbeth, taking a superstitious turn, applied to them for advice, and by their counsel he erected on the top of an adjoining hill a lofty castle, since called Dunsinane, which, in the Gaelic tongue, signifies the "*nest of ants*;" implying the great labour and industry so essentially requisite in raising so vast a building. From the top of the hill there is an extensive view of 50 miles. In short, there could not be a more commanding situation: as the poet shews in the words of Macbeth—

"Our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn."

When Malcolm Canmore came into Scotland, supported by the English auxiliaries, to recover his dominions from Macbeth the *Giant*, as the country people called him, he marched first to Deurkield, in order to meet with those friends who had promised to join him from the North. This led him to Birnam Wood, where accidentally they were induced, either by way of distinction, or some other motive, to ornament their bonnets with the branches of trees. The people in the neighbourhood stated, as the tradition of the country, that they were distinguished in this situation by the spies of Macbeth. He then began to despair, in consequence of the witches' predictions, who had warned him to beware; "when Birnam Wood should come to Dunsinane;" and when Malcolm prepared to attack the castle, where it was principally defended by the rocks, he immediately

deserted it; and, flying, ran up the opposite hill, pursued by Macduff; but finding it impossible to escape, he threw himself from the top of the hill, was dashed to pieces on the rocks, and his remains buried in *Lang Man's Grave*, as it is called, which is still extant. Not far from this grave is the road where, according to tradition, Banco was murdered.

The resemblance between these traditions and Shakspeare's account of the same event, in his tragedy of Macbeth, is extremely remarkable, and suggests the idea that this celebrated dramatist, from local and other situations in the play, must have collected the tradition on the spot: because, had he taken the subject of his play from Scottish history, he must have represented Macbeth as having perished in a different part of the country. The only material difference between the tradition and the tragedy is, that, by the former, Macbeth cast himself from the top of a rock: whereas, Shakspeare, in consistency with poetical justice, and the rules of the drama, as well as to impart a greater interest to the catastrophe, represents the usurper as falling in single combat with Macduff, whom he had so deeply injured.

In Guthrie's Hist. of Scotland, (vol. 8. p. 350), it is stated, that, anno 1590, King James desired Elizabeth to send him a company of English comedians; with which request she complied; and James gave them a licence to act in his capital, and before his court. "I have great reason," he adds, "to think that the immortal Shakspeare was of the number." There is no doubt that plays, in that same year, were exhibited in Perth, within a few miles of Dunsinane, and from the old records kept at Perth of that period, it appears, that on the 2d of June, the Kirk session of Perth authorized this amusement, after having examined the copy of the play. The actors were at that time all of them men, no women having appeared on the stage till the reign of Charles the Second.

I do not find among the traditions the name of Lady Macbeth. Macbeth probably might have married, but I am inclined to think the character is a creation of the poet's brain: for it is one, not from its atrocity, but from its masculine and highly wrought powers, that has seldom or ever been met with in real life, of course with certain exceptions. Macduff, Banco, or Banquo, Duncan, Lennox, and Ross, were living charac-

* This hill is 1040 feet high.

ters: but the supernumeraries are probably the fictions of the poet. However, it is generally affirmed by historians, notwithstanding the tradition I have already noticed, as happening in Perthshire, that Macbeth was killed at Lamphaunan, in the county of Aberdeen. About a mile Northward from the parish church, on the brow of a hill, is a heap of stones, called Macbeth's Cairn. It is forty yards in circumference, and rises in the middle to a considerable height. It is said, that Macbeth, flying from the South, had only a few attendants when he arrived at Lamphaunan; and that he endeavoured to secrete himself at a place called Cairnbaddy; but finding that impracticable, he continued his route Northward for about a mile, till Macduff, outriding his company, overtook him on the spot where the Cairn is placed, killed him in single combat, and brought back his head to the army. Here the tradition agrees with the tragedy, but varying in the place, this being at Lamphaunan, in Aberdeenshire, and Shakspeare's scene at Dunsinane, in Perthshire. However, for the sake of dramatic propriety, as I before observed, the conclusion of the tragedy could not but take place at Dunsinane.

It is generally understood, that our immortal bard has laid his first scenes in the parish of Dyke, in Morayshire, of the event which ultimately produces the catastrophe of the tragedy. It was on Hardmoor, on the Western side of the park of Brodie House, where Macbeth and Banquo, returning from an expedition in the Western Isles to wait on King Duncan, then in the Castle of Forres, and on a journey to Inverness, are represented to have been saluted by the wierd sisterhood. Banquo, impatient under a supernatural vicissitude of the weather, after a fatiguing journey on this blasted, and, to all appearance, boundless waste, thinks of the termination of his journey, and asks—

"How far is't called to Forres?"

when, by the sudden appearance before him of three haggard forms, his attention is more solicitously bent to inquire—

"What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants of
earth,
And yet are on't?"

I quote from memory, but I think either the commentators, or our mo-

dern playwrights, have given this speech to Macbeth, though tradition ascribes to Banquo the use of such a speech, but couched in different words. Nor is there any mention made of the prophecy of the witches to Macbeth, that "none of woman born should harm Macbeth." It is like many other wild and sublime ideas of our immortal poet, an hyperbole of his own creation.

B.

LINES

Suggested by a passage in Osborne's Letters, p. 125. Edit. 1673.

BY C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, ESQ.

When I am gone, no stately vault shall hold,

With dismal vanity, my poor remains,
To taint the healthful air; nor 'scutcheon's bold

Scare from my place of rest the linnet's strains.

Oh no! 'mid lowly slumbers of the plains,

Let my green tomb with willow twigs be drest,

Where, peering fresh to April's sparkling rains,

The primrose sweet may spring upon my breast:

And thence, some lovely rural maid's adorn,

Who crops, like lambkin mild, the slow'et new,

And dries, with heart unchill'd, its pearly dew,

Within the house of prayer, on Sabbath's holy mora.

EDGAR.

SONG.

There's something in this world of woe

That lingers round the heart—

And there will shed a transient glow,

When other joys depart.

It is the look of those we love,

The smiles of those most dear,

That friend with friend hath sweetly wove;

Oh! this hath power to cheer.

But moments swiftly speed away,

However blest they be;

And many a friend, and many a foe,

For us no more to see.

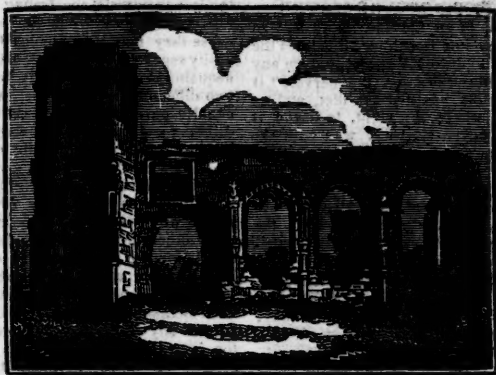
And, oh! it grieves the weary breast,

And chills the drooping heart,

That pleasure's beam, and reason's
nest,

May sparkle—but depart.

Holy Ghost Chapel, Basingstoke.



The Chapel of the Holy Ghost, which was once a very beautiful building, is situated on the north side of the town of Basingstoke, in Hampshire. It stands on an eminence, and was erected in the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. by Sir William, afterwards Lord Sandes, who, with Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester, obtained a license from that Prince to found a free chapel here, and thereupon to establish a guild, by the name of the Brotherhood or Guild of the Holy Ghost. To this brotherhood an estate was given by Sir William Sandes for the maintenance of a priest, to perform divine service in the chapel, and also to instruct youth in literature. This fraternity escaped the general dissolution, and remained till the first year of Edward VI., when an Act of Parliament passed, by which free chapels and chauntries of all sorts, and the estates belonging to them, were given to the King's use. It remained with the crown until the year 1556, when it was established, and so continued until the civil war during the reign of Charles I., when this chapel, with many other church-lands, was seized and alienated, and the chapel and school shut up. The building, when entire, was a beautiful edifice, and elegantly finished, as is still evident from its remains; but from the ravages of time, and neglect of repairs, it is now in ruins. Part of the eastern and south walls only remain standing, and a hexagonal turret, to the south-west,

almost entire, which was formerly a staircase. Camden states, that Lord Sandes, the founder, was buried in this chapel; and in a vault in the chapel, a Mrs. Blundin was unfortunately buried alive, about a century ago. After a lethargy of four days, she was interred by torch-light; and the next morning some school-boys, who were playing in the church-yard, heard a noise proceeding from the vaults. They gave the alarm, but the vault could not be opened in time to save the unfortunate lady, who was found suffocated and bathed in blood.

IMPROMPTU.

"I'm wrong'd," said Dick, "I'm
wrong'd beyond
The bearing of a saint;
Redress I'll have, or else the Court
Shall ring with my complaint."

A wit was standing near, who said,
"The gentleman speaks well;
And I would recommend his brief
Be sent to Mr. Bell.*"

* The celebrated Counsel of Lincoln's Inn.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

DIETETIC USE OF WATER.

Water is an inestimable benefit to health, and as it neither stimulates the appetite to excess, nor can produce any perceptible effect on the nerves, it is admirably adapted for diet, and we ought, perhaps, by right, to make it our sole beverage, as it was with the first of mankind, and still is with all the animals. Pure water dissolves the food more, and more readily, than that which is saturated, and likewise absorbs better the acrimony from the juices—that is to say, it is more nutritious and preserves the juices in their natural purity; it penetrates more easily through the smallest vessels, and removes obstructions in them; nay, when taken in large quantity, it is a very potent antidote to poison.

From these main properties of water may be deduced all the surprising cures which have been effected by it in so many diseases, and which I shall here pass over altogether. But as to the dietetic effect of water, I shall recommend it to my readers for their ordinary beverage on three conditions.

The first is, that they drink it as pure as possible. Impure water is of itself impregnated with foreign matters which may prove prejudicial to health. Hence it loses all the advantages which I have in the preceding pages ascribed to water; and it would in this case be much better to drink beer or any other such beverage that is saturated with nutritive particles rather than impure water. We must leave the stomachs of camels to answer for the preference given by them to muddy water; for we are assured by Shaw, that these animals stir it up with their feet and render it turbid before they drink. The human economy requires, on the contrary, a pure beverage.

The signs of good water are, that it easily becomes hot and cold; that in summer it is cool, and in winter slightly lukewarm; that a drop dried on a clean cloth leaves not the faintest stain behind; and that it has neither taste nor smell. It is also a sign of good water that when it is boiled it becomes hot, and afterwards grows cold, sooner than other water. But this sign is far more fallible than the evidence of the quality of water obtained by feeling. Singular as this may sound, it is very possible to distinguish the properties of water by means of this sense. A soft or a hard

water is synonymous with a water the parts of which adhere slightly or closely together. The slighter their adhesion, the less they resist the feeling, and the less sensible they are to the hand, because they may be so much the more easily separated. A gentleman of my acquaintance has for many years used two different sorts of water, which are equally pure and limpid, the one for drinking and the other for washing his hands and face. If his servant ever happens to bring the wrong water for washing, he instantly discovers the mistake by the feeling. Our cooks and washerwomen would be able to furnish many other instances of the faculty of discriminating the properties of water by the touch, which would show that this faculty depends more on the excitement occasioned in the sensible parts than on any other cause. Hard water, for instance, makes the skin rough; soft, on the contrary, renders it smooth. The former cannot sufficiently soften flesh or vegetables; the latter regularly produces this effect. The difference of the extraneous matters which change the qualities of water, naturally makes a different impression on the feeling; and in this there is nothing that ought to astonish a person of reflection.

The water of standing pools and wells is in general extremely impure, and is accounted the worst of all. River water differs according to the variety of the soil over which it runs, and the changes of the weather; but though commonly drank, it is never pure. Of all impure river-waters, those which abound in earthly particles alone are the least injurious, because those particles are not dissolved by the water. In Auvergne, near the villages of St. Allire and Clermont, there is a stream of a petrifying quality, which constructs of itself large bridges of stone, and yet it is the only water drank by the inhabitants of those places, and that without the slightest inconvenience. If we consider that a stony concretion is deposited in all our kettles, we shall readily conceive, that a water which carries stone along with it cannot be very pernicious to health, since it is constantly drank by men and animals. This stone in our kettles is really a calcareous earth, which may be dissolved by boiling in them vinegar, or water mixed with a small quantity of nitric acid; and as the water deposits it, and does not hold it in solution, it can of course do us very little injury. I cannot, therefore, imagine how the celebrated Dr. Mead could believe that

water which leaves such a deposit in culinary vessels may occasion stone in the kidneys or bladder, merely because Pliny has said so; though he was well acquainted with the great difference between animal calculi and mere calcareous earth.

Next to well and river-water, both which are always impure, rain-water follows in the scale of preference. It is very impure, and a real vehicle for all the pernicious matters that are continually floating in the atmosphere. Snow-water is much purer. Snow is formed of vapours which have been frozen before they could collect into drops. It is in the lower region of the air that these drops in falling absorb most of their impurities. The vapours floating in the upper atmosphere freeze before they reach the mire of the lower. This water is seldom to be had. That which I would most strongly recommend for drinking, is a spring-water, which descends from lofty hills, through flints and pure sand, and rolls gently along over a similar bed or rocks. Such water leaves behind all its coarse impurities in the sand; it is a purified rain and snow-water, a fluid crystal, a real cordial, and the best beverage for persons in good health.

The second condition which I attach to water-drinking is, that such persons only choose it for their constant beverage, to whom warming, strengthening and nutritive liquids are hurtful; and that if they have not been in the habit of drinking it from their youth, they use some caution in accustoming themselves to it. Many suffer themselves to be led away by the panegyrist of water, without considering that even good changes in the system of life, when a person is not accustomed to them, and when they are abruptly or unseasonably adopted, may be productive of great mischief. Hence arise the silly complaints that water-drinking is dangerous, pernicious, nay, fatal, and the inapplicable cases quoted from experience. Those who have been in the habit of drinking water from their youth, cannot choose a more wholesome beverage, if the water be but pure. Many nations, and many thousand more species of animals, have lived well upon it. But for an old infirm person, a living skeleton, with a weak stomach that can scarcely bear solid food, to exchange nourishing beer or strengthening wine, with the water of his brook, would be the height of absurdity. Let such adhere to their accustomed drink.

Water is an excellent beverage, but beer too is good; it is also water, more nutritious than the pure element, and therefore more suitable for the persons to whom I am alluding.

The third condition which I require of my water-drinkers is—that they take cold and hot water for their habitual beverage. I mean not to prohibit their boiling or distilling it, if they suspect it to be impure. Boyle drank nothing but such distilled water, and most delicate people of good taste in Italy still do the same. It must not, however, be drank warm, but cold. The ancients, it is true, drank hot water. Various passages in Plautus and other ancient writers clearly prove that so early as their times it was customary to drink the water of warm springs; and there are frequent instances of common water warmed. Thus, in Dio, we find Drusus, the son of Tiberius, commanding warm water to be given to the people, who asked for water to quench their thirst at a fire which had broken out. Seneca says (*De Ira*, li. 15.) that a man ought not to fly into a passion with his servant if he should not bring his water for drinking so quickly as he could wish; or if it should not be hot enough, but only lukewarm; and Arrian says the same thing, but more circumstantially. The drinking of hot water must of course have been a common practice with the Greeks and Romans; but it should be observed, that even in their times it was held to be an effeminate indulgence of voluptuaries. Stratoniceus calls the Rhodians “pampered voluptuaries, who drink warm liquors.” Claudius, when he attempted to improve the morals of the people and to check luxury at Rome, prohibited the public sale of hot water. When on the death of the sister of the Emperor Caligula, he had enjoined mourning in the city of Rome on account of this, to him, exceedingly painful loss, he put to death a man who had sold hot water, for this very reason, because he had thereby given occasion for voluptuousness, and profaned the mourning. So dangerous an indulgence was the drinking of hot water considered, that the trade of water-sellers was interdicted by the Censors. Some writers publicly satirized this species of voluptuousness. Ammianus complains that in his time servants were not punished for great vices and misdemeanours, but that three hundred stripes were given them, if they brought the warm beverage either not promptly enough or not hot

enough; and from that passage of Martial's in which he says, that at entertainments the host was accustomed to pay particular attention that during the feast there should be an abundant supply of hot water, it appears that this beverage was an essential requisite at the tables of the luxurious.

New Monthly Magazine.

The Sketch Book.

No. XIII.

A WASHING DAY.

"A time for all things."—*Solomon.*

"An hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad." *Shakespeare.*

Perhaps it is not known to all the Benedictines who magnanimously live, (as Captain Dalgetty hath it) "for their own peculiar," who wisely shut themselves out from the common perils of domestic calamity, and snore as long as they please every morning in their own hired houses:—perhaps it is not known to such most comfortably situated gentlemen, what an event a washing day is; how, and when it begins, and when, and how it ends. A washing day, at home, then, is the longest day in the week; it generally begins at seven o'clock on the evening of Monday—and continues foul weather with breezes, till the afternoon of Tuesday.

The dreadful "notes of preparation" are first sounded by the splashing of buckets full of water, on the evening previous to the ill-fated day. It would seem as if the second sack of Troy had commenced; the hum of buckets and kettles; the familiar "household words" of *Polly* and *Thomas* and *Betty*, reiterated from one extremity of the house to the other, all indicate the force of the enemy, and that the battle is waxing hot.—*Polly* is wanted in the name of the brass kettle, *Thomas* is required on behalf of the tub, and *Betty* is principal engineer of empty buckets. Poor *Grimalkin* is turned out of doors, and *Ponto* wisely chooses the barn, instead of a scald. All sorts and sizes of the human dress are collected from their lodging-places, and, (as *Milton* makes his devils throw dirt at each other) "in jactulation dire," thrown into a mass in the kitchen.

But these, alas! are only the preliminaries of the business. Before

"Aurora, now fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkles with rosy light the dewy lawn:"

yes! and before you have done with your first nap—you hear strange sounds, above, beneath and around; you start up; you think, first think of thieves, then of thunderstorm, rain, hail and earthquake; now you are wide awake, and realize the return of Washing Day; and accordingly jump up mechanically from the bed, hang on your clothes and make a precipitate retreat.

You secretly determine not to re-enter the house to the end of the campaign, and most resolutely and desperately do you set out on your morning travels. But hunger, that sometimes "e'en the gods overtake," overtakes you: with ominous foreboding, and suspicious fears, you return to reconnoitre the strength and position of the enemy; and at length boldly march into the camp.

"What do you want here?" cries the better half of yourself.

"My breakfast, love!" (a soft answer turneth away wrath), "my breakfast, love"—you reply.

"Breakfast! breakfast! [elevating the head to an awful attitude]—breakfast on a Washing Day?

By-and-by you set down alone to your precious repast of burnt toast, muddy coffee, eggs boiled to the capacity of grape shot, or, peradventure, not boiled at all—you "pick clean teeth" for five minutes, and in a huff, make another desperate sortie from the house.

After suffering the "aching void" of an empty stomach through the forenoon, you make another charge at four o'clock with renewed impetuosity. On going into your dining-room you see no preparation for dinner; you incontinently ring the bell—no answer. In utter despondency you fly into the kitchen.

"And what do you want *here*?" cries out at once the whole battalion of scrubbers and scourers.

"My dinner," you mournfully reply.

"It is Washing Day."

"I know it!" You take a handkerchief from your pocket to allay perspiration.—Unlucky deed! One of the sylphs who preside over the tub claims it as her lawful victim.

"My dinner!"—you exclaim in faulting accents.

"The handkerchief! shouts the washer of clothes, louder than Othello. "My din—" you faintly articulate.

"The handk—"

You meditate an escape; you attempt to run—you fall upon the slippery floor, you damage your broadcloth, and you are rifled of your handkerchief—you lose your dinner, spirits, handkerchief, and all.

After meditating upon your forlorn condition, in this state of deep affliction, you make a dinner, if dinner may be called, that's dinner none; (i. e.) you range the closets, and eat without method or discrimination, of butter and cake and bread and apples, and cheese and sugar.

You seize your hat, and run yourself as much out of breath, as did the Bohemian Hayraddin Mangrabin, in the story of Quentin Durward, when the dogs were loosed upon him.

You return at evening, Oh! what altered faces!

—"Hope enchanted, smiles,
And waves her golden hair."

Your wife smiles, and you smile. Even Ponto grows pleasure, and grimalkin whispers satisfaction. Every thing is regenerated; not a shred remains "unwhipt of justice." You exclaim, "sweet are the uses of adversity;"—you are comforted with the reflection that your last meal is better than your first.

You had lost your dinner, your breakfast, your temper and your handkerchief, but now you had found them all. You feel as a traveller, who, after many hardships and misfortunes, is at last restored to his friends, his comforts and his home. You (pardon me, most kind and gentle reader, and reverend signors of all) kiss your wife, and exclaim,

"Thus should desert in suds—be crown'd."

The Nobelist.

No. XLIII.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

There was, not many years ago, at a village called Valdiströva, near Siens, a countryman of about thirty years of age, a fine stout and sturdy fellow, and industrious too, who never lost an hour in idleness, and one of the best labourers about the place. Santi-grande was his name, grande being added from a nick-name given to his father. This fellow was extraordina-

rily strong and powerful, but the greatest ninny that ever lived; nature had certainly endowed him with strength of body, but had left his upper rooms totally unfurnished, inso-much that he became the sport of the villagers, who delighted in playing him all sorts of tricks—no uncommon thing in villagers, where an idiot or so is usually to be met with. Even gentlemen of the neighbourhood would often play him some trick or other. Poor Santi took it all very quietly—insensible of his inaptitude. Some time since a favourite goat, which he prided himself in, had brought forth two kids; he was highly delighted, and thought himself a Cræsus in the possession of these, and planned what was to be done with the money they would fetch, when they were grown to a proper size. He said to his brother, "Simon! get me those two kids ready by the morning, for I will go to Siena to-morrow, and sell them." Santi was so elated, that he could not sleep the whole night. Simon, who wished to humour him, got the kids ready for him, saying to him, "Now don't ye go and make a foolish bargain, for they are well worth three livres; they are stout little creatures." "Leave that to me," said the poor silly fellow, "I know how to make a bargain, I warrant you;" and away he went, singing. It so happened that when he came to the Porta del Diavolo two of his neighbours met him, and being in a merry humour, determined to have a little sport with him. Aware of his errand, one of them said, "Well, Santi, have you capons to sell there?" "Faith," said Santi, "unless my brother has played me a trick, I think they are two fine kids;" so saying, he was feeling their ears and shooting horns. Our two humourists observing that Santi was a little in doubt about their identity, were inclined to carry on the joke. "Nay," said one, "feel again, for they are capons to a certainty." A porter that happened to be near him, seeing what was going on, cried out, "Here, master, will you sell your capons? What do you ask for them?" Santi stopped short in amazement at the question; the fellow drawing near, said, "Well, will you sell them?" "No," said Santi, "I won't; they are not capons, they are kids." One of the youngsters kept close in conversation with Santi, asking him how he came to be so tricked; while the other, mending his pace, persuaded all those he met with, to

ask the man if he would sell his capons? the which they all did. When the fellow got to the ion of the Angel, he told the landlord of the joke, and all the stable-boys and waiters came forth, crying out, "Will you sell your capons, Santi?" and all seeming anxious to buy them. Poor Santi looked hard at the kids, and could not be persuaded that they could be capons, therefore made the same answer, that they were kids, not capons; "For," said he, "I told brother to pack up the kids, not capons." "Why," said the youngster, "they are well worth the kids, but if thou attemptest to sell them for kids, every one will think thou art mad." His companion, meanwhile, had gone forward to the city gate to tell the custom-house officers the joke, so that when Santi came to the gate, they demanded the duty for the capons, which was one penny each: "But," said Santi, "these are kids." "Oh! let him alone," said one of the officers, "he is mad, and wants to pay the duty for kids instead of capons." "You silly fellow," said one of them, "if they were kids you would have fivepence duty to pay, don't think we should cheat ourselves." In the meantime numbers of people crowded around, and enjoying the sport, vociferated that they were capons, so that at last Santi began to think they really were. "Yet," said he to a driver, that was talking to him, "I thought I heard them cry *ba, ba*." "True," said the driver, "but were not the capons and kids in the same place?" "Yes," said Santi. "Well, the capons learned to *ba* from the goat and kids, as children learn to prate from their mothers and nurses. However, were I you, now we are near the town, I would not attempt to offer them as kids, for they will think you mad." "A plague on that brother of mine, but I will serve him a trick for this," said Santi. The two young men, when they came to the gates of the town, left Santi and the driver talking on, and went their way, when they met Girolino Palmieri, a very frolicsome fellow, though rather old.

On hearing the jest they had put upon Santi, and his business leading him that way, he determined to carry on the farce, and have a little sport; having met Santi, he asked him what he would sell the two capons for? Santi, who no longer considered them as kids, though he had been asked the price of the kids, bargained with Girolino for three livres, the which being

two fine ones, he bought, rather to prevent some one else from having the bargain, paid Santi for them, and led him to a cousin of his in the marketplace, took him up stairs, saying to him, "What is the matter with you? are you not well? are you in any pain? how pale you look; will you have a glass of wine? why, thou art not the same man, how changed!" At these words, and in thinking of the capons, Santi became wild, and thought that, like the kids who had turned capons, he also had turned to something frightful. The young men, who had noticed that Girolino had bought the kids, were determined to inquire how the matter ended, and went to Girolino's house, and there found Santi drinking. "Well, how is it?" said the one; but before he could answer, Girolino said, "I have made him take a glass, for he feels very ill." "Poor fellow!" said one of the men, where do you feel pain? how deadly thou dost look, thou art surely dying." "He ought to be put to bed," said the other. Hearing this, and much more to the same purpose, Santi, almost maddening, thought he began to feel very ill, and conceiving he was dying, cried out, "My head aches! my body! my back! my legs! oh dear! oh dear! I am going!" "Art thou cold?" said Girolino. "He must be so," said the one, "though it be intensely hot." "Indeed, I do begin to feel cold," quoth Santi. Girolino, still determined to go on with it, ordered a maid-servant to warm a bed for him; when put to bed, they said, "Santi, how long is it since thou hast confessed? hast thou been to confess this year?" "Yes," said he. "Well, but," said one of them, "if thou diest, where wilt thou be buried?" Santi, thinking he was either dead or dying, said, "Let me be buried at St. Giulia, where my dad lies; and let the money I got for the capons go to mother, for I won't let brother have a farthing." Girolino perceiving that Santi thought he was actually dying, ordered a large old sheet, and he and the other two cut out and sewed up a winding-sheet, and took it unto Santi, saying, "Look ye, Santi, I will have ye die like a gentleman: put this on quick, or it will be too late." Santi, who had no notion that dying was a serious thing, put it on, and in so doing, said, "Why its too long! I never shall get it on." Having thus equipped him, they said, "Now, Santi, that thou art dead, lay still, shut your eyes, and don't speak, and we will get thee

carried to the ground where your dad lies." While they were laying him on a sort of hearse, and four men were sent for to carry him, they alternately cried out, "Poor Santi is dead; poor fellow, he is really dead!" The porters, who thought they were carrying a corpse, went through the gates quietly without being stopped, intending to take him to Strove, his own village: as they went on, there happened to pass by a carrier belonging to the cavalier Cappacel, who knew Santi well, but not recognising him in that state, asked the man who it was that died. They not knowing, answered they could not tell; however, the carrier getting near to the hearse, knew Santi instantly, and cried out, "Why it's that booby Santi del Grande, how came the mad fellow to die so soon, a stupid dog." Santi hearing himself thus abused, could not abstain from answering, yet without moving, he opened his eyes, and cried out, "If I was alive, instead of being dead as I now am, I'd let you know who Santi del Grande is." On hearing the dead man holla thus, the porters dropped their load, and ran off as if the very devil was after them; Santi, meanwhile, lay on the ground weeping and groaning, and as many came round him to see this living dead, and asked him what was the matter, the only thing he could say was, "Take and bury me where my daddy lies." A cousin of his, who had returned from market, where he had been to sell some wood, seeing him in that state, bound him safe on the hearse, and had him taken home. His mother and brother seeing him in that condition, asked him what was the matter, and how he came to be in such a state; to which he only answered, "Oh! I am dead, bury me—bury me where my daddy lies." His brother, suspecting some one had played him a trick, and made him believe that he was really dead, adopted the only means he thought could bring him to his senses, and, taking a horsewhip, began to lay it thick and thin on Santi's back; upon which Santi, roused by the blows, cried out, "Villain that thou art, thou hast caused my death by giving me two capons instead of the kids I asked thee for;" and, upon this he run after his brother, and both fell to it. The mother hearing the bustle, came in with some neighbours, and parted them at last. Santi, much bruised with the rope that had fastened him on, and the shock of the hearse when it fell, in addition to the horse-

whipping, was put to bed black and blue. After two or three days he recovered, went to his usual work, but swore he never would go and sell any thing at market again.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER;

A TALE.

A country Schoolmaster, hight Jonas Bell,

Once undertook of little souls,
To furnish up their jobbernowls—
In other words, he taught them how to spell,

And well adapted to the task was Bell,

Whose iron-visage measured half an ell;

With huge proboscis, and eye-brows of soot,

Arm'd at the jaw! just like a boar,
And when he gave an angry roar

The little school-boys stood like fishes mute.

Poor Jonas, tho' a patient man as Job,

(Yet still, like Job, was sometimes heard to growl.)

Was by a scholar's adamantine nob,
Beyond all patience gravell'd to the soul!

I question whether Jonas in the fish
Did ever diet on a bitterer dish.

'Twas thus—a lady who supported Bell,
Came unexpectedly to hear them spell:
The pupil fix'd on by the pedagogue,

Her son, a little round-faced, ruddy rogue,

Who thus his letters on the table laid—

M, I, L, K—and paused—"Well, sir, what's that?"

"I cannot tell," the boy all trembling said—

"Not tell! you little blind and stupid brat?

Not tell!" roar'd Jonas, in a violent rage,

And quick prepar'd an angry war to wage—

"Tell me this instant, or I'll flay thy hide—

Come, sir!

Dost thou this birchen weapon see?
What puts thy mother in her tea?"

With lifted eyes the quaking rogue replied—

"RUM, sir!!!"

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

UNCONSCIOUS IRONY.—Some time ago the clerk of one of the chapels at Birmingham, previous to the commencement of the service, dirtied his hand with putting some coals on the fire, and unconsciously rubbing his face, became so soiled as to resemble a son of Vulcan. He turned into the reading-desk, where he naturally attracted much attention, which was considerably increased when he gave out the first line of the hymn, "Behold the brightness of my face." The congregation could no longer preserve their gravity, and an involuntary laugh burst from every corner of the chapel.

LINES

On a young Lady watching over the gradual decay of her Lover.

Still long she nurs'd him, tender thoughts meantime

Were interchang'd, and hopes and views sublime.

To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;

With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,

Sooth'd the faint heart, and held the aching head:

She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer,

Apart she sigh'd; alone, she shed the tear.

IRISH BAR WIT.—The present Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Ireland, and the present Att'y-G—l, were opponents in a suit a few years ago, when the former was suspected of withdrawing from a political party he had long espoused, to coalesce with one of greater influence; and the latter of negotiating for a lead in the administration. Some delay having occurred in Mr. P—t's attendance, the Chancellor, in whose Court the cause was heard, impatiently demanded what had become of him?—"B—," he replied, in a jocular way, "you should recollect, my Lord, the learned gentleman is employed *Cabinet-making*."—"Not so, my Lord," retorted P—t, who at that moment entered the Court, and looking significantly at the other, "I am neither a *Turner*, nor a *Joiner*."

A DECLARATION OF LOVE, BY I. NEALE.

My heart is gone—I can't tell how;
But pure's the flame I feel:
To richer girls let others bow,
To Mary Ann—I Neale.

PATIENCE.

Sir Simon, as snoring he lay in his bed,
Was awaked by the cry, "Sir, your lady is dead:"

He heard, and returning to slumber,
Quoth he,

"In the morn when I wake, oh! how grieved I shall be."

EPITOME OF MAN'S LIFE.

Childhood in toys delights;
And youth in sports as vain;
Mid age has many cares and frights;
Old age is full of pain.

To a Lady who appeared displeased at the Author's having kissed her hand.

Thy rosy fingers I have prest,
And really both my lips were blest!
Oh! can'st thou, lovely girl, complain,
Yet if my kiss, as light as air,
Be deemed so weighty an affair,
I'll take it off thy hands again.

LAW WIT.—The house of Counsellor — was broken into and plundered.—The following morning, in Court, Mr. Curran was asked if he had heard of Counsellor —'s robbery? "No," replied he, "Who did he rob?"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications have been received from P. T. W., +, F. M. L., A. F. S., C. P., E. Clarke, F. R—y, P. T., Queciem, Moreton, Jacobus, N. C., Mr. Croome, **, Rusticus, X. Y. Z., Simpson, J. S. W., and Quiz. Several of them are marked for early insertion.—The articles sent by our old Correspondent Kiow are not rejected, but shall appear soon in the *MIRROR*.

We should feel much obliged by the loan of the book offered by F. M. L.

If G. L. I. will complete the article he has forwarded, we will insert it.

We are sorry that we cannot avail ourselves of the services of C. L. in the way they are offered.

Published by J. LIMBIRD, 355, Strand, (East end of Exeter Change), and sold by all Newsmen and Bookellers.—Printed by T. DOLBY, 299, Strand.